"Circulation Books Open to All."

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FOR THE

World.

Evening



By Mile. Genee.



ANCING develops the imtent than almost any other

ranscribe his emotions or his ideals exactly through the medium of his art. Modern music has become alnost as accurate and realistic in desounds to the most complicated emo-

But the dancer has only nimble toes and a supple body to work with in depicting a scene or a feeling of put all her intelligence into her work either of these

ne time and depict the exhibaration of the rider as somified.

er of bottles and"-

"Not distressingly so, Your Excel-

"Did you give him my message? Did

"Well? What was his answer?"

gards and tell it to go to"-

"He said: 'Give my country my re-

"Where?" snapped Popoff, as Nish

"I'd-I'd rather not say, sir. No place

lematically speaking, Prince Danilo's

be here as soon as he lias finished the

"I fancy it will be cheaper than filling

"How much of it was gone?"

"Diplomatically speaking, Your Ex-

"Was he sober?"

you tell him?"

rately describe the movement of a mount. In the dance I try to give

It is the additions of little bits of imaginary events she is trying to deobservation like this, combined with scribe through the medium of the the vivid finagination, that make up dance, and her facial expression, it is realism conventionalized to the acquainting the public with the pass dance step and never going beyond

than the ordinary fancy step dancing, story told by means of the feet, the because not only must all the details body and the face and, like the story-





(Copyright, 1908, by Henry W. Savage.) CHAPTER I.

THE Widow just now is the Queen of our diplomatic chess-The Girl With the Millions here to-night. My husband is hang-g over the banisters watching for

"But what reason?"-"Oh, he has exactly twenty million asons for" "I don't understand," murmured M.

Jolidon. "No? Then you are probably the only ohelor in Paris who doesn't. She tume of Marsovia. Bald of head, popas the daughter of a poor Marsovian ping of eye and with abnormally long ployed at the Embassy all these months are. No dowry but her beauty. An red mustaches, his was a personality and I've winked at his loading and and I've winked at his loading and the language first ormously rich old banker named Sa-to excite laughter in a mummy, wa—wealthiest man in Marsovia—fell

The newcomer was Nish, mess,

"And now, I suppose she has come to nose and mineing guit trotted down I may say so! Not 'refused,' exactly the stairway and into the salon.

He will come. At least, he promised

h, the money is safe enough for the resent, I believe, in the Bank of Mar-In, the money is safe enough for the ovis. But my husband wants it to tay there. So does the Marsovian gov. little man. "He"ment. Ours is not a rich country. fr. de Jolidon. That's why a new the American bar at - ? white hair appears in my worthy huscand's head every time one of your parisian ladykillers makes love to her. t's all absurdly simple."

hee'ln't turn whiter on my account. 'n be the one Frenchman who won't wake love to Madame Sadowa." What?"

"At Maxim's, Your"—
"You must marry her, at any rate."
"Maxim's, eh?" snorted Ambassador necessary. Sober him up at any cost."
"Maxim's, eh?" snorted Ambassador necessary. Sober him up at any cost."
"I fancy it will be cheaper than filling him up. I'll do my best, Your Excel-

The Ambassador's wife glanced ner-

vously about her. She and De Jolidon were ensconced in an alcove of the salon. It was the night of the Embassy ball. From the adjoining ballroom came the strains of a waltz and the soft glid ing of hundreds of dancing feet. Guests were passing and repassing along the great hallway and broad stairs at the rear of the salon. But for the moment the two had the room to themselves.
"Listen," she said. "My busband sus-

pects nothing thus far, but he is certain o in time, unless'---Unless I divert his thoughts by marrying some one else? I can't, and you know I can't. For I'--

"Hush! You mustn't say in I am a dutiful wife. And-what are you doing?" she queried, as he snatched up her fan from the table. With the pencil that dangled from his dancing card de Jolidon scribbled three words on one of lency. In fact, if I may"the ivory sticks of the fan, then handed it to his hostess.

Natalie, with a little catch in her! 'I gave it word for word, sir. I told bassador's pretty wife. "She will breath, slowly read the words aloud: him his country was calling for him, "I-love-you!" and that Your Excellency desired h immediate presence at the Embassy." and that Your Excellency desired his "Because you forbade me to say it,"

> "Tell His Excellency I have come back," broke in a voice at the door. As a servant hurried off with the message the speaker waddled into the room. He was a stout, ungainly little I'm at all familiar with. man, clad in the quaint national cos-

The newcomer was Nish, messenger his dissipation, and the very first love with her, married her and did and clerk of the Embassy. At his ap- minute I really need him, he refuses trying a week later. She inherited his away to the ballroom. A moment later a tall, lean, fussy man with hooked his. "Searcely as bad as all that, if the stairway and into the salon. He will come. At least, he promised

"Well, Mr. Nish," he asked peevishly, to." "Mell, Mr. Nish, and asked persons,"

"Ah! that lifts a load from my "No, Your Excellency," faltered the brain! If he promised he'll come. Dip-"Did you go thence, as I told you, to word is as good as his bond."

"Yes, sir. But he was not at home cellency," affirmed Nish, "he agrees to

"Odd! He's usually very much at magnum of champagne that was in the t's all absurdly simple."

home there, I'm told. So you falled in icepail beside him when I left."

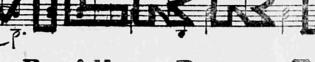
"Well," laughed de Jolidon, "his hair your mission? You couldn't find him?"

"How much of it was gone?" "Oh. yes, Your Excellency, I found "The cork was not yet drawn,

him. That is to say, I'-"Oh, you found him at last? That's "Be on the lookout for him. Mr. Nish. better. Where?"

When he comes put ice on his head, if "Ches him up at any cost."

"It is no joke. And I'm not mad. "Oh, no, Your Excellency. Not ex-



By Albert Payson Terhune

A Serial Romance Founded on the Viennese Operetta.



DOMALD



time, as usual, when"—

somia. "It must have been just like her no. He told another friend of mine that the girl who told me that the girl who told me that lency."

"Oh, no, Your Excellency. Not exactly "idling," if I may say so. He seemed very busy. There were a number of partition and the Widow in "Waltz" Costume.

Sonia. "It must have been just like her no. He told another friend of mine that the girl who told me that the girl

little bitterly. "It's always like that People count me like so much money.

If it is coarse for me to say so, remember I'm a farmer's daughter, and that in my country people call a spade a spade." Popoff and Natalle came hurriedly in

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whom Marsovia's hopes so depende At a sign from the Ambassador t others drew back. "So you were shocking some of Paris gallants?" beamed the Ambas

dor. "What a child of nature ye "You mean," countered Sonia, "that I

again!" "Ahl" chuckled Popoff. "Child of nasomewhat shaky old legs would carry ture! True child of nature! Always him, and the voluble Nish ran along in remembering the dear old days on the farm-the bleating of the pigs, the new-A commotion swept through the laid milk, the tomatoes freshly dug up. scattered groups in the foyer; a mur and all the simple joys of the country! mur, a rustle, a whisper that resolved But I want you to meet to-night some of our Marsovian nobility. For instance, "The Widow has arrived!" "Twenty Prince Danilo. A charming young felmillions and unencumbered!" "Widow low. He'll be here presently. Danilo

of Sadowa, the animated money bag!" is" "A Monte Cristo fortune for some lucky But the mischief had died out of man!" "Her name is Sonia Sadowa- Sonia's eyes. Her face was paler than twenty millions-red hair, too-but a was its wont, and there was a stern "Twenty millions!" "The look as of pain about the daintily chis-

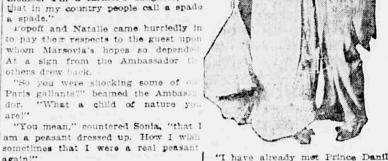
Merry Widow!" Down the stairway from the dressingrooms and into the salon, swept a woman-young beautiful vivacious. A light of mischief damoed in her great iark eyes. Her masses of auburn hair shone like an aureole above her rather pale, delicate face. About her hovered half score of gallants, all vying for word, a look, from the beauty (and fortune) of the Paris season.

tered out of the room as fast as his

itself at last into the excited phrase:

Two men-the Marquis of Cascads and the Count de St. Brioch-were lucky enough to claim for a moment her attention.

"No, no!" Sonia was saying in pro-"At home, in Marsovia, men don't make such pretty speeches. Courtship there is very primitive and marriage is for life. When a man makes lose to another's wife-he promptly shot. When a wife flirts her good plan. Why not try it in Paris?" you know, madame, we have been Dear Betty: counting the moments until you ap-I can well believe it," assented



"I have already met Prince Danilo," she said, curtly "Really?" cried Popoff. Then, noting her change of expression, he added, with apprehension:

"I hope it was not on one of his well days. A charming, lovable youngster, in spite of his"-

"I am not interested in hearing about him." broke in Sonia, in a curiously level, emotionless voice. "It was long ago that we met. He will have forgotten me. Even as as I have forgotten im. Let us talk of something else,

Even Popont could see something was

He Has No Girl Friends.

many girls. I hold a good position and nave met quite a number of boys, but no girls. How can I become acquainted with some nice girls? R. R. How can boys but a large state of the saking he will lose interest in you.

The hove probably have a recommendated with some nice girls? The boys probably have some sisters Dear Betty; o whom you can ask to be introduced.

Does He Love Her?

Don't pay any attention to what the girl told you. I can't tell whether the in New York City for some time now and haven't been able to meet any girls. I hold a good position and the control of the cont

Would it be proper for me to marry a man younger than myself, as he has already asked me to be his life partner? age and a friend of mine asked him if he liked me and he answered her no. He told another friend of me all kinds of presents and I should